

TALES
FROM THE
CRYPT

TALES FROM THE CRYPT



OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

HORROR



NO. 10
DEC

TALES



200
2TH
CANADA

FROM THE

CRYPT

®

FEATURING



THE EXECUTIONER



THE MAN IN THE HOOD



THE VAULT KEEPER

"BRIGGLIFF LIFT OUT HIS COFFIN! HE DOESN'T BELONG IN OUR SACRED GRAVEYARD! HE DESECRATES THE VERY GROUND IN WHICH HE'S BURIED!"



BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE BITTER END! GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



W SCI #4



W SCI #5



W SCI #6



SHOCK #1



SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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Tales from the Crypt, WEIRD SCIENCE (vol. 1) No. 10 December 1994, published quarterly in September, December, March and June by Gemstone Publishing, 200 All West Plains, MO 65776-0002. Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO. Copies contents © 1994 by William M. Gaines. Agent: See "Tales from the Crypt" #69 © 1991 by I.C. Publishing Co., Inc. No. 10 1979 by William M. Gaines. Agent: See "All Rights Reserved." Nothing herein contained may be reprinted without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate \$2.00 (outside US) payable in US funds. Printed U.S.A. Postmaster send address changes to Tales from the Crypt, News Distribution, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65776-0002.

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, HORROR FIDELS! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN... THE CRYPT-KEEPER! ONE MORE I AM YOUR HOST IN MY MAD-HAS, *SALUD FROM THE CRYPT!* FOR MY FIRST OFFERING, I HAVE CHOSEN FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF TERROR FABLES THAT I KEEP IN MY CRYPT... A FAVORITE OF MINE! IT'S A CHILLING STORY OF HODDOD AND REVERSE! I CALL THIS LITTLE EPIC...

DRAWN AND QUARTERED!



MY STORY BEGINS ON THE ISLAND OF HAVY... IN THE CITY OF PORT-AL-PRINCE! IN A HOT, DIRTY, SPARSELY FURNISHED APARTMENT THAT HAS BEEN CONVERTED TO A STUDIO, A YOUNG AMERICAN AN ARTIST STANDS BEFORE HIS EMBEL, PAINTING A SELF-PORTRAIT...

I'M ALMOST FINISHED! A PERFECT LADDER OF WHOLE! MY BEST PIECE OF WORK! WHAT'S THE USE? IT'LL BE LIKE ALL MY OTHER PICTURES! SCORNED... CRITICIZED... WORTHLESS...

THE YOUNG ARTIST YOU ARE WATCHING IS **MAX BROOK**! HE IS A RECENT ARRIVAL IN HAITI! HE HAS SPENT HIS LAST PENNY TO COME HERE! BACK HOME IN THE STATES, **MAX** WAS A FAILURE! **FENTON BREDLEY**, THE ART CRITIC, SAID HIS WORK WAS POOR! **ARTHUR GREEN**, THE ART DEALER, COULDN'T SELL A PICTURE! AND SO, **LARRY DILFANT**, THE FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR, HAD BOUGHT UP EVERY PAINTING THAT **MAX** HAD DONE... **CHEAP!** IT HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BRING **MAX** HERE... TO **HAITI**... THE ISLAND OF FOODS!



LATER, IN A SMALL, SPEEDY-BREAKING BAR, **MAX** SITS OBJECTIVELY AT A TABLE...

MAX! **MAX BROOK!** YOU OLD BEGGAR...

BOB! **BOB BICKSON!** WANT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



THE NEWCOMER GREETES **MAX** WITH A WARM HANDSHAKE AND SITS DOWN.

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HUSHING IT? YOU ARTISTS ARE ALL ALONG! SHabby CLOTHES...

IF I COULD AFFORD BETTER I'D BUY IT, **BOB!**



DON'T GIVE ME **FRAY**, **MAX!** ANY ARTIST WHO GETS **FIVE BRAND** A PICTURE...

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I NEVER SOLD A PICTURE FOR MORE THAN **FIFTY** DOLLARS BACK IN THE STATES!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I SAW ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS GO FOR **FIVE BRAND!** IT WAS AT THE **ARTHUR GREEN GALLERY!** **LARRY DILFANT** BOUGHT IT...

BUT... **BREEDLY!** **FENTON BREDLEY**, THE CRITIC, SAID MY PAINTINGS WERE **BAD**... SHOWED NO TALENT!



THAT'S WELL, **FENTON BREDLEY** CHANGED HIS MIND! HIS COLUMN CALL YOU A **GENIUS**... A **MASTER!** SAY... YOU STILL AGREE YOUR **WORK**, DON'T YOU?

THAT'S JUST IT! I SOLD THEM ALL... **EVERY PICTURE**... TO **LARRY DILFANT**...



SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A **DUDE**, **MAX!**

BOB! CAN YOU LET ME HAVE SOME **MONEY?** I'LL NEED IT TO BUY MY **REVENGE**...



AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT, MAX BOOR LEAVES PORT-AS-PRINCE AND TRAVELS INTO THE JUNGLES OF HAITI... FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE VOODOO DRUMS! SOON HE REACHES A CLEARING WHERE SEVERAL NATIVES ARE DANCING AND CHANTING...



OO-AH-HA! WHITE MAN! THIS NOT FOR YOU? GO AWAY!

I'VE COME TO BUY VOODOO! I'LL HAVE... MONEY!

MAX IS LED INTO A THATCHED HUT WHERE A WRINKLED OLD NATIVE HODDLES OVER A SMALL FIRE...



HE SAYS HE COMES TO BUY VOODOO!

WHAT DO YOU WANT VOODOO FOR... WHITE MAN?

REVENGE! THREE MEN HAVE STOLEN FROM ME AND I WANT REVENGE...

AFTER MAX TELLS THE OLD NATIVE HIS STORY...



YOU SAY YOU ARE ARTIST? YOU MAKE GOOD PICTURES?

I THINK SO!

THE WRINKLED OLD MAN PUTS A SMALL POT UPON THE FIRE AND BEGINS A WEIRD CHANT! THEN HE TELLS TO MAX...



PLACE YOUR HAND... HAND YOU PAINT WITH INTO BOILING CONTENTS OF POT!

BUT I'LL SCALD MYSELF!

YOU WANT VOODOO? YOU MUST DO IT!



OHAY! OHAY! BUT IF THAT STUFF IS AS HOT AS IT LOOKS, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PAINT AGAIN...

MAX HESITATES! HE STARES DOWN AT THE FOAM-SPILLING, STEAMING CONTENTS IN THE POT! SUD-DENLY HE PLUNGES HIS RIGHT HAND INTO THE BUB-BLING MIX...



WH... WHY IT WASN'T BURN!

VOODOO IS FINISHED! VOODOO IS YOURS! GIVE ME... MONEY!

WHAT? IS THAT ALL? SAY! WHAT IS THIS? DON'T I GET ONE OF THOSE DOLLS TO STICK PINS INTO?



YOU ARE... ARTIST? YOU CAN DRAW? YOU DON'T NEED DOLL! NOW YOU GO...

MAX CURSES THE OLD MAN FOR SNEAKING HIM AND STAMPS OUT OF THE HUT! LATER, IN HIS SHABBY STUDIO, MAX PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...

"BLASTED NATIVE! I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY! I THINK I COULD GET REVENGE WITH WHOOOOO."



THAT NIGHT, MAX CANNOT SLEEP. FINALLY HE GETS OUT OF BED, SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE AND SOLELY BEGINS TO SKETCH THE VASE THERE...

"I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE STORES, AND GET THOSE DIRTY..."



ABRUPTLY MAX RIPS THE DRAWING OF THE VASE FROM HIS SKETCH PAD AND TEARS IT INTO TINY PIECES...

"THEY OWE ME PLENTY! IF THEY DON'T COME AROUND, I'LL TEAR EACH OF THEM LIMB FROM LIMB LIKE THIS..."



SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH BEHIND MAX! HE SPINS AROUND! THE VASE HE HAS BEEN DRAWING IS LYING ON THE FLOOR, SMASHED TO BITS...

"IT... IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THE TABLE WHEN I TOOK OF THE... THE DRAWING OF IT!"



MAX STARES IN HORROR AT THE PIECES OF PAPER IN HIS HAND...

"IT... IT'S... POOOOOO!"



SWIFTLY, MAX SKETCHES THE CRUST OF BREAD THAT LIES ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE BARBARE CAR! THEN HE TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT HALF OF IT...

"I'VE GOT TO BE... JAMES!"



FOR A FULL MINUTE, MAX STARES AT THE CRUST OF BREAD! NOTHING HAPPENS! THEN, SUDDENLY, A HUGE RAT DARTS OUT FROM BEHIND THE BARBARE CAR AND BEGINS TO DEVOUR THE BREAD...

"IT DOES MORE! IT DOES!"



THE RAT, STARTLED BY MAX'S EXCLAMATION, DARTS AWAY LEAVING HALF OF THE GREAT UNLATCHED. THE BARE HALF THAT STILL REMAINS ON THE PAPER IN MAX'S SKETCH PAD? SUDDENLY MAX GASPS! ON THE BARE... WATCHING HIM... IS...

GOOD LORD! MY SELF-PORTRAIT? I FINISHED IT TONIGHT? I WONDER...



MAX TAKES HIS PALETTE KNIFE AND SCRATCHES A SMALL RICK IN THE PORTRAIT'S CHEEK. THEN HE SITS DOWN TO WAIT! NOTHING HAPPENS! SOON MAX'S HEAD BEGINS TO ROLL! SLEEP CREEPS UPON HIM! THEN, AS HE DOZES OFF, HE TOPPLES FORWARD.



THE FALL AWAKENS HIM! HE LIES SPRAWLED, FACE DOWNWARD ON THE FLOOR! THERE IS A BURNING SENSATION ON HIS CHEEK! MAX PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS FACE AND FEELS SOMETHING WET AND SLICK...

BLOOD!
I... I PUT MY FACE ON THE BROKEN BASE WHEN I FELL...



MAX STARES WIDE-EYED IN HORROR AT HIS SELF-PORTRAIT! IT SEEMS TO BE SMILING AT HIM...

OH LORD! MY PORTRAIT IS **SMILING**, TOO! I CAN'T DESTROY IT! I'VE GOT TO PROTECT IT FROM HARM!



THEN MAX BEGINS TO LAUGH...

BUT WHAT POWER I HOLD, NOW! WHAT REVENGE I CAN HAVE! ANY PICTURE I DRAW IS **GOOD**! ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO THE PICTURE HAPPENS TO THE ORIGINAL SUBJECT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WITH A LOAN FROM BOB DICKSON, MAX FLIES TO NEW YORK. HIS PRECIOUS SELF-PORTRAIT UNDER HIS ARM.

FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS PUT THIS PORTRAIT WHERE IT WILL BE SAFE!



MAX GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS OLD STUDIO'S SMILING BUILDING! HARRY HALLER, HIS EX-LANDLORD WHO HAD THROWN HIM OUT FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT, WINKERS THE DOOR.

WELL, MAX MOOR! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT YOUR OLD STUDIO BACK, BUT WELL, IF YOU PAY ME THE **BACK RENT**... YOU CAN HAVE IT!

HERE'S YOUR **BACK RENT** AND A MONTH IN ADVANCE...



THEN MAX BUYS A SAFE... LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD HIS SELF-PORTRAIT.

THERE? NOW I CAN BEGIN TO TAKE MY REVENGE! MY PORTRAIT WILL BE SAFE IN THERE!



MAX TAKES A SHEET OF DRAWING PAPER AND SKETCHES A PICTURE OF HARRY HALL BY THE LANDLORD.

ONCE YOU SAGGED ME OUT, MR. HALLEY... WHEN I WAS AWAY!



MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT ONE OF MR. HALLEY'S LEGS.

WELL, NOW... YOU'LL ENJOY NO MORE!



SUDDENLY, OUTSIDE... THERE IS A SHRIEK OF SHAKES AND A SCREAM OF PAIN! MAX GOES TO THE WINDOW! ON THE STREET, A CAR W/0 HAS BATTERED! MR. HALLEY, MAX'S LANDLORD... HAS BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR!

HIS LEG IS CRUSHED! WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE!



YOU, MAX, MADE ME A SHEET OF PAPER AND DREW THE FACE OF ~~PERCY BREEDLY~~. ~~THE ARTIST!~~

SO YOU LIVED TO ME, EN, BREEDLY? YOU LOOKED AT MY PICTURES AND SAID THEY WERE NO GOOD, EN? WELL...



MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND ERASES THE EYES ON BREEDLY'S PORTRAIT...

WELL... NOW YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER PICTURE AGAIN...



FAR ACROSS THE CITY... PEARSON BREEDLY SCREAMS IN PAIN! HIS WIFE HAS JUST FLUNG ACID AT HIS FACE...

THAT'S THAT! THAT WILL FIX YOU! NOW MORE YOU'LL SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME! NOW, MAYBE YOU WON'T BE SUCH A LADIES' MAN!



ON A THIRD SHEET OF PAPER, MAX DRAWS A LIKENESS OF ARTHUR GREEN, ART DEALER.

YOU LIED TO ME, ARTHUR! YOU TOLD ME MY PICTURES WERE *WORTHLESS*... THAT YOU COULDN'T *SELL* THEM! THEN YOU *DIED*... WHEN THEY WERE *NO LONGER MINE*!



WITH THE ERASER, MAX OBLITERATES ARTHUR'S HANDS.

THAT WAS AN *UNDERHANDS* FRICK, GREEN! YES! *UNDERHANDS*! SO... NO HANDS FOR YOU, ANYMORE!



IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE GREEN TALLAGES, ARTHUR SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, SHAKING IN PAIN.

SOMEBOODY SET AN *AMBULANCE*? MR GREEN JUST CAUGHT HIS HANDS IN THE *SH BATT-CUTTER*!



IN HIS STUDIO, MAX MOODS UP BEFORE HIS DEATH PAD... GASPING FOR BREATH.

AIR! I NEED AIR! I'M *SUFFOCATING*! I CAN'T *BREATHE*!



SUDDENLY MAX REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING! HE STUMBLES TO THE SAFE, THE ROOM SPINNING BEFORE HIS EYES...

AIR TIGHT... SAFE? PORTRAIT... *SUFFOCATING!* GOT TO... GET IT... *OUT*... INTO THE AIR...



JUST AS EVERYTHING GOES BLUR, MAX MANAGES TO OPEN THE SAFE! HE LIES BEFORE IT, SUCKING IN THE COOL AIR...

GASP...THE SAFE IS *NO GOOD*! I'VE GOT TO FIND A *BETTER SPOT!* THE *SASA* PORTRAIT NEEDS AIR...



MAX GOES TO THE CLOSET! HE PUTS THE PORTRAIT INSIDE! IN THE HOOP OF THE CLOSET IS A SET-LIGHT.

THIS IS A *GOOD SPOT!* I CAN OPEN THE SET-LIGHT SLIGHTLY AND LOCK THE DOOR!



MAX TURNS THE SMALL CRANK THAT OPENS THE SKY-LIGHT TO ADJUST AIR! THEN HE CLOSES THE DOOR! INSIDE THE CLOSET, HIS SELF-PORTRAIT SMILES UP AT THE OUTLIGHT...



THE NEXT DAY, THE NEWSPAPERS CARRY THE STORIES OF THE UN-FORTUNATE ACCIDENTS TO HALLEY AND BRIDLEY AND GREEN...

NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SEE LAWRENCE DILLFANT. THE MAN WHO PROFITED THE MOST... BY BUYING MY PAINTINGS CHEAP AND SELLING THEM AT A HIGH PRICE...



AS MAX MOOR LEAVES HIS OFFICE UP ON THE ROOF, A SIGN PAINTER REACHES HIS PAINTS ON A SCAFFOLD NEARING A BILLBOARD...



MAX MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE SUBWAY...

IT WON'T TAKE MUCH FOR ME TO CONVINCE DILLFANT TO HAND OVER SOME OF THE MONEY THAT'S DUE ME...



UP ON THE SCAFFOLD, THE SIGN-PAINTER ACCIDENTALLY KICKS A LARGE CAN OF TURPENTINE...

GREAT IF! THERE GOES MY TURP!



THE CAN OF TURPENTINE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD, CRASHING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...



IN THE SUBWAY STATION, A HORRIFIED CROWD GATHERS, STARING DOWN AT THE REMAINS OF MAX MOOR UNDER THE HUGE WHEELS OF THE SECOND CAR OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN...

HE... HE JUST FELL AS THE TRAIN PULLED IN!

GOOD LORD! LOOK ... AT WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!



BACK IN MAX MOOR'S STUDIO... IN THE CLOSET... THE CAN OF TURPENTINE THAT CRASHED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT EMPTIES OUT... RAINING DOWN OVER MAX'S SELF-PORTRAIT, HORRIBLY DISTORTING THE NO LONGER SMILING FACE PAINTED UPON THE CANVAS...



HEY, HEY! WELL, RIDGES! THAT'S MY STORY! DO YOU BELIEVE IN VOODOO, NOW? OF COURSE, MAX MOOR'S VOODOO POWERS MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF COINCIDENTAL ACCIDENTS! WHO'S TO BLAME? PENTON BREEDLY IS BLIND! HARRY HALLEY HAS ONE LEG! ARTHUR GREEN NO LONGER HAS HANDS! I DON'T THINK WE CAN ASK THEM! THEY WENT BE MISJUDGED! AND POOR MAX! HE'D BE NO HELP! MAX WAS DOING ALL RIGHT, TOO, UNTIL THAT SIGN PAINTER KICKED THE BUCKET! THAT WAS WHEN MAX DID! WELL! SO ON TO THE RALLY -



KEEPER! HE'S GOT ANOTHER HORROR YARN TO SPIN! AND IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOT SACK SOLES, MY COLUMN, THE DRIFT-KEEPER'S CORNER WILL TELL YOU, NOW!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS SHOULD I LET ME SEE? WHAT HORROR STORY FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF CHILLERS THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY VAULT CAN I PALPITATE YOUR LITTLE CAGGERS WITH THIS TIME? YES, IT'S ME AGAIN, YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE VAULT KEEPER! AND I KNOW! HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL SPINE-TINGLER THAT WILL CURDLE THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL

THE BORROWED BODY!



HIGH UP OVER BUSBY PINK AVENUE, IN AN ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN PACES THE PLOSH-CARPETED FLOOR NERVOUSLY, SMOKING CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE GLANCES ANXIOUSLY AT THE FRONT DOOR, ESPECIALLY IF REALLY THE CHIMES STARTLE HER AND SHE RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND FLINGS IT OPEN.

YOU'RE LATE, FRED! COME IN!

YOU'RE GRATE SANDRA, INVITING ME HERE! IF YOUR HUSBAND FOUND OUT ABOUT US, HE'D DIVORCE YOU IN A MINUTE! THEN WE'D LOSE THE MONEY!





DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANN! FRED! HERBERT HAS A BOARD MEETING TO-NIGHT! HE MUST BE HOME TELL LATE!

THIS MEETING SECRETLY IS DRIVING ME NUTS, SANDRA! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO BRING HIM OFF?



TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! EITHER, FRED! I WANT TO BE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD!

C'MERE, BART! YOU LOOK FAYSHING, TONIGHT!



NO, FRED! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT. PLANS TO MAKE.

OKAY. AFTER JUST ONE LITTLE KISS...

FINALLY FRED RELUCTANTLY RELEASES SANDRA BORSAY, WIFE OF THE WEALTHY CORPORATION EXECUTIVE, HERBERT BORSAY, FROM HIS EMBRACE BE GOES TO THE BAR AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK...

GRAY, SANDRA! BROOD! WHAT'S THE PITCH?

HERBERT ALWAYS MAKES HOME FROM BOARD MEETINGS! YOU'LL WAIT FOR HIM IN A CERTAIN ALLEY.



AND SO WE LEAVE THE PLOTTING LOVERS AND CROSS TOWN TO AN IMPOSING OFFICE BUILDING! THE BOARD MEETING OF THE BORSAY INVESTMENT COMPANY IS JUST BREAKING UP...

SAY, HERBERT! WHO'S THIS FRED HUNTON?

WHT, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, COOPER! HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS.



OH? I'VE SEEN HIM WITH YOUR WIFE SEVERAL TIMES! JUST YESTERDAY AS A MATTER OF FACT! YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A WHILE.

OH, YES? BY WIFE, ENT YOU SURE, COOPER? SANDRA NEVER MENTIONED IT? ARE YOU SURE IT WAS SANDRA?



WELL, REALLY, HERE? IF IT WAS JUST ONCE - IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE! BUT I'VE SEEN THEM TOGETHER... OH... FIVE OR SIX TIMES!

HEH, HEH! WELL, FRED'S AN OLD FLAME OF SANDRA'S. THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST... FRIENDS... NOW!



NOW THAT THE SEED OF DOUBT IS PLANTED IN HERBERT DORSAY'S JEALOUS MIND...LET'S GO BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE... BUT

SOON AFTER FRED HURSTON LEAVES THE DORSAY HOME... HERBERT LEAVES THE OFFICE BUILDING...

DOWN THE DARK DESERTED STREETS BETWEEN THE TOWERING SILENT BUILDINGS HERBERT DORSAY MOVES... THINKING...

YOU'D BETTER GO NOW, FRED! NOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT?

RIGHT? I KNOW THE SPOT! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! @'MOM, BABY!

SURE I CAN'T GIVE YOU A LIFT, HERB?

NO, THANKS, COOPER? I ALWAYS WALK...

SANDS... AND FRED! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! COOPER MUST BE SOMEONE'S STILL...



SUDDENLY, AS HERBERT PASSES A DARKENED ALLEY & SHADOWY FIGURE SIGHTS AT HIM... A LENGTH OF HEAVY PIPE FORGS...

SOMEHOW, HERBERT MANAGED TO SIDE-STEP THE ATTACK AND THE EMPTY SILENCE OF THE DESERTED STREET IS SHATTERED BY THE IMPACT OF THE METAL PIPE AGAINST THE STREETLIGHT POLE...



WHAT THE... GOOD LORD!



HERBERT BEGINS TO RUN WILDLY DOWN THE DARK STREET. HIS ATTACKER CLOSE AT HIS HEELS! AS THEY DASH ACROSS AN INTERSECTION, A SPEEDING TRUCK SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE THEM... ITS BRAKES SCREECHING...

HERBERT DORSAY FRIGES, PANTING, AGAINST A BUILDING! THE CONFUSED TRUCK DRIVER GETS OUT OF HIS CAB! BEFORE THE BLOODSTAINED BUMPER OF THE TRUCK, BATHED IN THE BLINDING GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHTS, LIES A STYL FIGURE!



LOOK OUT...

CRAZY POOL! MAN RENT IN FRONT OF ME!

IT...IT'S FRED HURSTON! HE... HE TRIED TO KILL ME!



DOWN UP IN HER LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, SANDRA CORSEY SMILES TO HERSELF AS SHE LOULES ON A CHAIRS-LOUNGE! BY NOW SHE MUSSES, "IT'S ALL OVER!" SUDDENLY THE DOOR CHIRPS WIPIC THE SMILE FROM HER LOVELY FACE...



FAR ACROSS THE SLEEPING CITY AN AMBULANCE SCREAMS INTO THE RECEIVING HAMP OF THE EMERGENCY WINGS OF A HOSPITAL AND WHINES TO A STOP! A WHITE-SHIRTED, BLOOD-STAINED FORM ON A STRETCHER IS REMOVED FROM THE YAWNING REAR DOORS...



MEANWHILE SANDRA IS OPENING THE PENTHOUSE DOOR...



WHY, I, NO, NERVEN! IT'S JUST THAT... YOU'RE ALL BUBBLED UP! WHAT...



...AS AT THE HOSPITAL...



...WHILE AT THE PENTHOUSE...



AND ACROSS TOWN, IN THE EMERGENCY WINGS OF THE HOSPITAL...



BUT, EXACTLY AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE GORSBY PENTHOUSE...



SANDORA STANDS OVER THE PROSTRATE FORM OF HER HUSBAND...



I'VE GOT TO PUT ON AN ACT FOR THE NEIGHBORS. MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SELF-DEFENSE!



LISTEN! IT'S FROM THE GORSBY APARTMENT!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, HERBERT! NO! NO! EEEEEE!

WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTOR HAS JUST COVERED FRED HUNTSOHN'S FACE WITH THE SHEET



TAKE HIM OR DOWN TO THE MONSIE! WE'LL...

OOOOOOOOH!

HE... HE'S ALIVE!



IMPOSSIBLE! HIS HEART STOPPED! HE

DON'T, SANDORA!

HE'S DELICIOUS!

DON'T HIT ME.



PUT DOWN THAT SHEET... SANDORA! DON'T... DON'T... ER... WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE IN THE HOSPITAL, MR. HUNTSOHN! YOU WERE HIT BY A TRUCK.



HUNTSOHN? MY NAME IS GORSBY!

BUT... YOUR IDENTIFICATION...

LET HIM ALONE, NURSE! HE'S SUFFERING FROM SNOOZE!

HEH, HEH! WHO WOULDN'T BE SHOOKS, EH, KIDDER? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WAKE UP IN **JONESBODY ELSE'S BODY?** YES! THE EXACT MOMENT THAT **FRED HUNTSON DIED, HERBERT DORSAY WAS MURDERED BY HIS WIFE!** BUT SOMETHING STRANGE WAS HAPPENED, SOMETHING **BEYOND HERBERT DORSAY CAN'T BEAR!** HE'S ALIVE... IN **FRED HUNTSON'S BODY!** ISN'T THIS AN AWKWARD DEVELOPMENT?



SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE IN ANSWER TO SANDRA'S FRANTIC CALL...

HE TRIED TO **PALE ME... SOB!** I... STRUCK HIM WITH THE **POKER!** I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM... SO HARD... SOB...

ALL RIGHT, **MRS. DORSAY!** CALM DOWN! TAKE IT EASY!



THE NEIGHBORS CORROBORATE **MRS. DORSAY'S STORY...**

YES! WE HEARD THE **WHOLE THING!** THE **BEAST!** HE WAS **BEATING HER...**

SHE **SCREAMED...** BEGGED HIM TO STOP! SHE MUST HAVE **KILP HIM...**



SANDRA IS **BOOKED FOR MAN-SLAUGHTER** BUT IS RELEASED ON **BAIL!** IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT A TRIAL WILL FIND THAT SHE **KILLED HERBERT IN SELF-DEFENSE!** NEARLY AT THE HOSPITAL.

TIME FOR YOUR **MEDICINE, MR. HUNTSON!** I... HE'S **GONE!**



DOCTOR! DOCTOR! THE **PATIENT IS SOB!** HE'S **GONE!** HIS **BED'S EMPTY!**

IMPOSSIBLE! THE **BAR WAS HIT BY A FROCK!**



AT HER PENTHOUSE, SANDRA **CALLS THE HOSPITAL...**

I'M **CALLING TO FIND OUT THE CONDITION OF A MR. FRED HUNTSON!** I UNDERSTAND HE WAS TAKEN... **WHAF?... GONE?... BUT...**



SANDRA **OPENS HER PENTHOUSE DOOR!** THERE... **STANDING IN A POOL OF BLOOD...!**

FRED!

NO, SANDRA! YOU'RE **WIFING...**





THE BROKEN BODY MOVES TOWARD HER...

"I'M HERBERT. YOUR HUSBAND!"

"NO! NO! FRED! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE DELIRIOUS!"



"HERBERT'S DEAD, FRED! I KILLED HIM!" THE POLICE THINK IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! WE'RE SAFE.

FRED IS THE ONE WHO'S DEAD. I AM HERBERT... IN FRED'S BODY!



KEEP AWAY FROM ME FRED! KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE... YOU'RE MAD!"

YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED ME WHEN YOU STRUCK ME WITH THIS POWER... DON'T YOU, SANDRA?"



"POWER?" HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE POWER, FRED? HOW DO YOU... OH, LORD, NO!"

YES, SANDRA! NOW YOU'RE DOWNGRADED, AREN'T YOU? AND DON'T TRY TO GET MY GUN. THAT I KEEP IN THE BEAM DRAWER...



"GOOD?" YOU ARE HERBERT? YOU ARE..."


THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL ALONG.

HIGH UP OVER EBBING PARK AVENUE, FROM THE ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF HERBERT AND SANDRA CORSEY, COMES AN EAR-SPLITTING BANG THAT ECHOES OVER THE DARK SILENT BUILDING, A SHRIEK OF A WOMAN IN THE THROCKS OF DEATH.



WELL, WELL! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR FRIENDS! SANDRA TOOK A LITTLE CONVICTION TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS REALLY HERBERT IN FRED'S BODY! THEN, SHE FINALLY GOT IT... BUT GOOD! THEY FOUND SANDRA'S BODY... AND FRED'S TOO. STONE COLD DEAD! WELL, AFTER ALL, HOW LONG CAN A GUY WHO'S BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK LAST, ANYWAY? OH, BY THE WAY? IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN LAST... JUST SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! THE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 'EM IS IN THE GUYF-KEEPER'S CORNER!"

I'm a big fan o' yours, I came out from da fines of Hell just to read your mag. You've bec come very popular, or so I heard. You're own show, cards, cards, and I heard about some toys coming out soon.



Bottom half of a smokin' sheet received here. Part of the signature was burned off. "Dark Dema..." Hm. Maybe it was "Dark Demosities." —CK

I enjoyed reading CRYPT number 7. "Reflection of Death" was a neat idea, having the reader being the person in the story. But then they ruined the illusion by showing the face of the character and then giving him the name Al. The chances of the name of the reader being Al is rather remote, so it would have been better to refer to the character as "you."

The Feldstein cover for CRYPT #8 seemed weak compared to the one that he did for #6. Those covers that require a talk balloon to carry their over are seldom as good as those (without) you have no doubt noticed that Jack Davis never had balloons in any of his cover illustrations. Davis seemed to be a very versatile artist as he did good work in the war and SF comics as well as in the horror mag.

Warren Standiford Sunnyvale, CA

I have a beach towel, watch, cup holder, poster, two shirts, a pen and the HBO TV show cards of you. I also have some issues of CRYPT I think the story in #6 ("Scared to Death?") was great! Obviously yours.

Conry Goffin West Hartford, CT

P.S. I wrote this letter with the Crypt-Keeper pen.

Too bad you couldn't e-mail it through the Crypt-Mail —CK

It's good to see something new in the field of comic books today. I mean there are too many super heroes out there. That is why I like EC comics so much! They are my number one! So I give EC two skulls up!

Personally, the Crypt-Keeper is the best out of all three! Say hi to the Cryptfater for me!

Eric Johnson Goldenrod NC

I love every EC comic. I especially like your horror comics. I am planning to get the (hardback) COMPLETE CRYPT very soon—because I think it is the best horror comic ever made.

Adam Owens Englewood, CO

I am a big fan of you and your show on HBO. If you have a job out please please! please! send an application to job. I really, really, really, really would like to join.

Conry Agre Martinsville, VA

We don't operate a fan club, but other fans did! You should see The Vault-Keeper's "Fan Club News" page, which ran in HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SF and CRIME in 3 last month! —CK

I noticed that "The Thing From The Sea" in CRYPT #4 is almost identical to "The Upper Berth" By F. Marion Crawford, but no credit was given to him. He wrote it in the 1880s.

I see someone has already noticed the similarity between "The Death" and "White Powder." Also no credit was given. Is it not necessary in comic book stories?

Jack Barnes Dallas, TX

As we've indicated in these pages before, sometimes you borrow an idea and sometimes you borrow the plot it's stored in, too. And sometimes you remember to say thanks, and sometimes you don't. That's business. —CK

I have a question. At the beginning of your TV show you show the comic book the story is in, I was wondering if you have any of those comic books? The comic book with The Vault-Keeper's face, Old Witch's face and your face.

Chad J. Ber Peachtree City, GA



These are done just for the show. Mike Yeasberg did TV Crypt-Keeper at night. Compare to Jack Davis' portrait of me from CRYPT 17. —CK



I'm 12 years old and I never could find the CRYPT comic until I went to sleepaway camp to an outside mall. The comic store only had CRYPT 9.

I think that if you put more blood in your tales it would improve the comics. It would be more realistic.

Jim Sabrowski New York, NY

When I was 13, we didn't have time to shop at sleepaway camp 'cause we were fighting off predators! —CK

I love your comics! Your stories are wonderful! I love it at the end of your stories when you make funny comments.

Please print my address people who like your comics can write to me, and I'll write back.

Rosalee Ehl, 14 years old 7 Park ST Shortsville, NY 14548

I love your tales. They're so creepy. Your spookier than The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. How come in your show you're dead but in the comic you're not? Creepingly yours,

Chris Drake Vineland, NJ

Why is in the TV show on FOX is the Crypt-Keeper bald and has no skin when the one in the comic book is the total opposite?

Harold Craft Rockaway, NJ

I (am) a fan of your CRYPT reprints. I have also been a fan of the HBO show "Tales from the Crypt" for a while but the only thing from the show I don't like is The Crypt-Keeper. I expected him to be more like the comic books.

Ruel Marston Houston, TX

I am a bit disturbed by your comments about the Crypt-Keeper's voice on the TV show and the cartoon (as mentioned in CRYPT #6). I can do several voice impersonations very well, but my favorite is the Crypt-Keeper's voice because I can do it so excellently (although the laugh is tricky). So if the Crypt-Keeper ever needs a back-up vocalist, I'm hanging around! Any other horror-oriented bolts and ghouls out there? I could use a pen pal, write to me. Pleasant screams.

Jerrod Brito (CK, Jr.) 8071 Anderson ST Thornton, CO 80229

HERE'S A HAIR-RAISING TALE OF TERROR! I CALL THIS ONE...

INDIAN BURIAL MOUND



WILLIAM-AL
HID 14 DIESEL

OLD HIRAM BECKER RAISED HIS HAND TO SHADE HIS EYES FROM THE BLARING SUN AND GAZED DOWN THE DIRT ROAD AT THE CLOUD OF DUST MOVING TOWARD HIM.

WHISPER! HERE COMES THAT CITY FELLER WHO'S INTERESTED IN BUYIN' MY FARM! Right ON TIME, TOO!

SOON A SLEEK, BUSSY AUTOMOBILE DREW UP AND A YOUNG MAN GOT OUT.

YOU THE FELLER WHAT CALLED ME ON THE PHONE 'BOUT BUYIN' THE FARM?

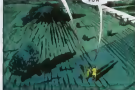
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU MUST BE HIRAM BECKER! MY NAME IS BOY MADISON.



HIRAM TURNED AND BASTICULATED TOWARD THE OPEN FIELDS AND THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE.

WELL, THAN SHE IS!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PERFECT! EXACTLY
WHAT I'M LOOKING
FOR!



YOU MEAN YOU STILL
WANT TO BUY 'EM?

OF COURSE! THE LISTING SAID
YOUR ASKING PRICE WAS SEVEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS! IS
THAT CORRECT?



YEP! YOU CAN
HAVE 'EM. LOCK,
STOCK AND
BARREL FOR
THAT AMOUNT!

GOOD! THEN
IT'S A DEAL!
SHALL WE GO
UP TO THE
HOUSE AND
SIGN THE
NECESSARY
PAPERST?

HIRAM GOT INTO BOB'S CAR AND
THEY DROVE UP THE DUSTY
ROAD TO THE HOUSE.

SAY, YOUNG FELLER!
SO AHEAD,
MIND IF I ASK YOU
A QUESTION?

OLD TIMER!



YOU'RE NO FARMER!
I CAN TELL THAT!
WHAT DO YOU WANT
THIS OL' FARM FOR,
ANYWAY?

I'M GOING
TO TURN IT
INTO AN
AIRPORT AND FLY-
ING SCHOOL.
MR. BECKER!



AIRPORT? FLYING
SCHOOL?

IT'S A PERFECT LOCATION...
JUST OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY,
FIVE MILES FROM TOWN! AND
LOOK AT IT! THE LAND IS
PERFECT! ALMOST
FLAT! EXCEPT FOR
THAT SMALL HILL
OUT THERE.



AND A BULL-DOZER
WILL LEVEL THAT OUT
IN JO TIME! HUNHAY.

YOU HNT GONNA BULL-
DOZE THAT INDIAN
MOUND, MR. MADISON,
ARE YOU? I WOULDNT
ADVISE IT!





INDIAN MOUND? WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A SCORAL MOUND! THE INDIANS THAT ONCE ROAMED THESE PARTS BURIED THEIR DEAD UNDER MOUNDS LIKE THAT ONE!



WELL... IT WILL ~~ARE~~ ~~TO~~ ~~DO~~!

I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT MOUND IF I WERE YOU. WE INDIANS GET MY FATHERS GO AROUND IT! THERE'S A LEGEND ABOUT THEM INDIAN MOUNDS!



ANYONE WHO VIOLATES THE RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD WILL BE PUNISHED BY THEIR SPIRITS!

SAH! THAT'S JUST IMAGINATION! SUPERSTITION! WE'LL CONCLUDE OUR DEAL...

AND SO ROY MADISON AND MINNA BECKER SIGNED THE BILL OF SALE AND THE BROKER FARM WAS TURNED OVER TO ROY...



...AND HERE'S YOUR CHECK, MR. BECKER! NOW, HOW SOON DO YOU THINK I CAN BEGIN MOVING IN MY EQUIPMENT?

WHY, ANYTIME, MR. MADISON? I'M WONDERING IF YOU'LL NEED A HAND TO HELP YOU FOR A WHILE!



...YOU SEE I AIN'T GOT NO FAMILY, AND I'LL NEED WORK TILL I CAN FIND ME A NEW FARM!

OKAY, BECKER! YOU CAN STICK AROUND! BUT REMEMBER! YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME, NOW!

THE NEXT DAY, THE LOUD ROAR OF A BULL-DOZER EDGED OVER ROY MADISON'S NEWLY ACQUIRED FARM...

WE'LL LEAVE THE ~~MOORS~~ STANDING FOR AWHILE TILL THE LAND IS CLEARED!



THAT THERE BULL-DOZER SHORE IS A POWERFUL PIECE OF MACHINERY!

SOON THE SHEDS AND BARN, THE FENCES AND TREES HAVE ALL BEEN CLEARED AWAY!

THERE? THAT TAKE'S CARE OF THAT? NOW TO LEVEL THE LAND!



MR. MADISON! YOU SORNA PLOW UP THAT ~~INDIAN~~ MOUND!



YES, SIR! JUST WATCH ME, HIRAM! JUST WATCH!

REMEMBER, MR. MADISON! I BARNED YUH!

THE HUGE BULL-DOZER ROARED AS ROY THREW HER INTO FORWARD GEAR! SLOWLY IT SORE DOWN UPON THE SMALL HIRE ON THE OTHERWISE FLAT LANDSCAPE.



HERE GOES YOUR INDIAN WOUND, HIRAM! ONCE AND FOR ALL!

COUGHING AND BARKING, THE BULL-DOZER'S POWERFUL TREADS SHOVED ITS BLEMIERS FLOW INTO THE INDIAN WOUND.



...TORE UP TREMENDOUS CHUNKS OF BLACK SOIL AND FLUNG THEM AWAY.



...THEN SPATTERED TO A STOP HALF-WAY THROUGH THE ANCIENT BURIAL SITE.



WHAT IN BLAZES? SHE'S GORIED OUT!

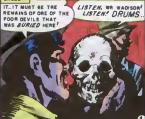
ROY DRUMS HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER AS OLD HIRAM CAME ON THE RUN.



WHAT HAPPENED, MR. MADISON?

DON'T KNOW, HIRAM! ENGINE JUST DIED ON ME! SHE... POOR LORD... LOOK!

ROY BENT AND PICKED UP A WHITENED, GRIMING SKULL.



IT... IT MUST BE THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE POOR DEVILS THAT WAS BURIED HERE!

LISTEN, MR. MADISON! LISTEN! DRUMS!

ROY AND HIRAM TURNED THEIR HEADS OUTWARD FROM FAR OFF CAME THE SOUND OF TOM-TOMS THROBBING...PULSATING...

IT'S THE JAGGED SPIRITS! YOU'VE GOT 'EM RILED UP!

DON'T BE POOLING HIRAM! THAT'S JUST NEAR LIGHTNING. IN THAT THUNDERHEAD UP THERE.



HIRAM TURNED WIDE-EYED TO THE SKULL IN ROY'S HAND

I TOLD YOU, MR. MADISON! I TOLD YOU NOT TO PLOM UP THAT INDIAN BURIAL MOUND NOW THEY'RE COMING! COME AND GET US!



HIRAM SPUN AND RAN WILDLY OUT ACROSS THE FIELD...

COME BACK, HIRAM! COME BACK!

NOT ME, MR. MADISON! I'M NOT STAYING AROUND HERE!



ROY WATCHED AS THE FLEEING HIRAM BECAME DISAPPEARED DOWN THE ROAD IN A CLOUD OF DUST! SUDDENLY A CLAP OF THUNDER EXPLODED OVERHEAD AND IT BEGAN TO RAIN! ROY FLUNG THE BRIMMING SKULL TO THE GROUND...



WHAT THE LIGHT! FIRST THE BELL-DONNER COMES OUT AND NOW THIS? RAIN? I'LL HAVE TO GO! FOR TODAY!

THEN ROY SPURTED TO THE HOUSE JUST AS THE RAIN BEGAN TO FALL IN HEAVY SHEETS! HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND CURSED! OUTSIDE IT WAS GETTING DARK



SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! AFRAID OF AN OLD LEGEND...

LATER, AS NIGHT CLOSED IN ON THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE, ROY SAT NEAR THE FIRE! OUTSIDE, THE RAIN BEAT INSISTENTLY ON THE ROTTEN ROOF! SUDDENLY, THE DISTANT SOUND OF TOM-TOMS BEGAN AGAIN...



WHAT'S THAT? DRUMS? SAY! IT'S ONLY MY IMAGINATION! THE OLD MAN'S GOT ME JUMPY NOW!

BUT THE STEADY DRUMMING OF THE TOM-TOMS SEEMED TO DRAW CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE OLD FARMHOUSE! ROY BEGAN TO SHIVER! FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART! A COLD DRILL RAN UP HIS SPINE! SUDDENLY THERE WAS A HEAVY POUNDING ON THE DOOR...



THUMP! THUMP!

SOMEONE OUTSIDE. SUSS! OLD HIRAM'S COME BACK!

ROY PLUNGED OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR AND DAZED OUTSIDE INTO THE BLACKNESS...

THAT YOU, HIRAM? I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK IT... OH MY GOD? NO? NO?



AMID THE STEADY THROBBERN OF THE RAIN CAME A CLEAR UNMISTAKABLE SOUND... THE BLOOD-DUNDING SHRIEK OF ROY MADISON.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!



AS THE SUN ROSE OVER THE OLD FARM, THE SKY HAD CLEARED HERE AND THERE, PUDDLES OF WATER ATTESTED TO THE FACT THAT IT HAD RAINED ALL THAT NIGHT. A LONE FIGURE MOVED DOWN THE BLOODY ROAD...

I WONDER IF MR MADISON'S JOKE AT ME? GUESS I'M OUT OF A JOB



IT WAS OLD HIRAM BECKER WHO CROSSED THE RAIN-SOAKED FIELD TOWARD THE HOUSE? SUDDENLY HE STOPPED AND STARED IN AMAZEMENT? THE BULL DOZER SAT SILENTLY IN A MUDDY PUDDLE NEAR THE INDIAN BURIAL MOUND? BUT THE MOUND...

THE INDIAN MOUND? IT'S BEEN REPAIRED? IT'S ALL BUILT UP AGAIN?



HIRAM TURNED TOWARD THE WATER-LOGGED HOUSE? IT STOOD DARK AND SOMBER IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT? HE MOVED TOWARD IT... SWUNG OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR.

MR MADISON? I... I GOOD LORD?



HIRAM STARED DOWN AT THE CRUMPLED FIGURE OF ROY WHO WAS STRETCHED OUT IN A DRIED POOL OF BLOOD ON THE DUSTY FLOOR? HE STIFFLED THE FEELING OF NAUSEA THAT SWIFT OVER HIM.

NOW... HORRIBLE? HE... HE'S BEEN SCALPED?



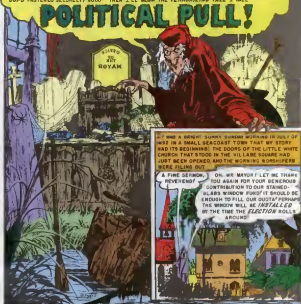
HEL-HEH? WELL... I TOLD YOU, ROOMS? I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A *HAIR-RAISING* TALE? HOW HAIR-RAISING CAN ONE GET? ONLY THE WAY I KNOW ANYBODY THAT'S LOOKING FOR A FARM? HIRAM BECKER'S IS STILL FOR SALE? ONLY ONE THING? DON'T STAGN IN THE MIDDLE OF IT IS AN INDIAN BURIAL MOUND? IF YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR IT, YOU'D BETTER TELL 'EM NOT TO TRY TO LEVEL IT? OR ELSE HE MIGHT BE LEVELLED BY A *FOUR-SHEAR*? OH, DON'T FORGET TO READ THE *CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER*? AND NOW, THE OLD WITCH WILL ENTERTAIN YOU.



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YES! THE FIRE'S CRACKLING UNDER MY CAULDRON! THE EVIL BREW, BUBBLING AND BURLING, IS JUST ABOUT FINISHED! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I AM YOUR MORTAL - THE OLD WITCH, . . . READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY DELICIOUS MORSELS OF MADNESS! GOT YOUR BROOD-GUYS FASTENED SECURELY? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE TERRORIZING TALE I CALL

POLITICAL PULL!



IT WAS A BRIGHT, SUNNY SUMMER MORNING IN JULY OF 1942 IN A SMALL BEACHSIDE TOWN THAT MY STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING! THE DOORS OF THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH THAT STOOD IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE HAD JUST BEEN OPENED AND THE WORKING WORKSHIPPERS WERE FILING OUT.

A FINE SERMON, REVEREND!

OH, MR. MAYOR? LET ME THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO OUR STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FUND! IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO FILL OUR QUOTA! PERHAPS THE WINDOWS WILL BE INSTALLED BY THE TIME THE ELECTION ROLLS AROUND!

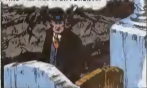
THINK NOTHING OF IT, REVEREND! I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE GIVEN MORE! BUT, AS YOU KNOW, BEING AN HONEST POLITICIAN DOES NOT MAKE A MAN RICH!

AND THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN RE-ELECTED SO OFTEN, MAYOR FULTON! BECAUSE THE TOWNFOLK KNOW YOU ARE AN HONORABLE MAN!



MEANWHILE, NEARBY, CYRUS MARGATE, MAYOR JED FULTON'S OPPONENT IN THE COMING ELECTION, STUMBLED TO HIMSELF.

HEEP! LOOK AT MY! RIGHTEOUS OLD STUFF! SHORT! THREE TIMES HE'S BEATEN ME FOR THE MAYORALTY! THREE TIMES! BUT THIS TIME... THIS TIME WILL BE DIFFERENT...



AFTER THE USUAL MORN-ING GREETINGS AND IDLE CHAT-TER WAS FINISHED, MAYOR FULTON MADE HIS VISIT HOME.

MAYOR FULTON! I'VE BEEN WAIT-ING FOR YOU!

AM MY WORTHY OPPONENT... MR. MARGATE!



I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU, SIR! IT'S VERY IM-PORTANT!

WHY NOT HAVE LUNCH WITH ME, MR. MARGATE? MY SER-VANT HAS THE DAY OFF... AND I'LL WELCOME THE COMPANY!

I'D BE DELIGHTED TO, SIR! ARE YOU SURE...

NO TROUBLE, MARGATE! NO TROUBLE AT ALL! WHILE WE ARE DRINK-ING, WE CAN TALK.



LATER, AFTER THE TWO POLITICAL OPPONENTS HAD EATEN A HEARTY MEAL...LAUGHING ABOUT PART ELECTIONS, MR. MARGATE PROPOSED A TOAST.

LET'S DRINK TO FINE ELEC-TION, JED! I KNOW I CAN'T BEAT YOU...

NONSENSE, CYRUS! YOU CAN'T TELL.



CYRUS DREW A SMALL SQUARE OF FOLDED PAPER FROM HIS POCKET AND EMPTIED THE CON-TENTS INTO THE MAYOR'S DRINK.

MAYBE THIS TIME WILL BE YOUR CHANCE, CYRUS!

MAYBE, MR. MAYOR! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!





HERE YOU ARE!
WELL...

MAY THE BEST
MAN WIN!



MAJOR FULTON DRAINED HIS
BLANK? CYRUS STUDIED HIM

PREY! BAH! WHO'S
BAD! POOR VINTAGE!
TASTED BITTER!

IT TASTES
ALL RIGHT
TO ME,
JED!



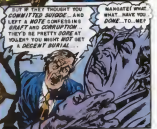
THE TOWNFOLK HAVE
ALWAYS RESPECTED YOU,
MAJOR! THEY, JED?
THEY'VE ALWAYS
THOUGHT YOU WERE
AN HONORABLE...
GOD-FEARING...
RIGHTeous MAN!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
CYRUS!
I...I...



AND WHEN YOU DIE, YOU KNOW
THEY'LL GIVE YOU A RIGHT ROSE
FUNERAL... DON'T

WHY WOUL I...
WHAT'S BROWN
WITH ME? I
FEEL... FURRY!



BUT IF THEY THOUGHT YOU
COMMITTED SUICIDE... AND
LEFT A NOTE CONFESSING
BRIEF AND CORRUPTION...
THEY'D BE PRETTY GOOD AT
TOLDN'T YOU MIGHT NOT GET
A DECENT BURIAL...

MARGARET! WHAT
SHAW... HAVE YOU
DONE... TO... ME?



I'VE POISONED YOU... YOU
RIGHTED US OLD FOGS? AND
SEE THAT? IT'S YOUR CON-
FESSION... YOUR SUICIDE
NOTE!

NO...NO...
I...I...



MAJOR FULTON SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR...
NOW, WE'LL SEE, JED! WE'LL SEE
WHAT THE YOUNG THINGS OF YOU AFTER THIS!
I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS NOTE AND THE
EMPTY POISON PACKET ON THE TABLE.
CLEAR UP ANY EVIDENCE OF MY BEING
HERE... AND LEAVE!

AFTER CAREFULLY REMOVING ANY TRACES OF HIS HAVING VISITED THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, CYRUS MANATE SLIPPED OUT UNSEEN.

HEH, HEH! WELL, JED! I GUESS THIS ENDED MY ELECTION AND RUINED YOUR SPOT-LESS REPUTATION.

I HAD THE HOUSE THE DRAFT FROM THE DOOR SWEPT THE SUICIDE NOTE AND THE POISON PACKET FROM THE TABLE.



THEY FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM, COMING TO REST BE-NEATH A BOOK-CASE.



WELL, HEH! TEF! CYRUS'S PLAN GOT FOULLED! THE OLD SNAKE WHO DIDN'T COUNT ON A *BLANK!* *BREEZE!* ANYWAY, WHEN THE SERVANT DISCOVERED MAYOR FULTON'S BODY... AND THE SUICIDE NOTE WAS NOT FOUND WITH IT... AN AUTOPSY WAS PERFORMED.

HE'S BEEN POISONED! IT...IT'S MURDER!

WHO...WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT? THE WHOLE TOWN LOVED AND RESPECTED HIM!



OH, WHAT A FUNERAL THEY SAID! POOR MAYOR FULTON! EVERYBODY IN THE TOWN TURNED OUT TO MOURN HIS PASSING.



HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

THE BEST MAYOR THE TOWN EVER HAD!

WE'LL GET THE GUY THAT DID THIS!

CYRUS WAS AT THE FUNERAL, TOO! THERE WERE MANY SUSPICIOUS GLANCES THROWN IN HIS DIRECTION.

I...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEY...DIDN'T FIND THE SUICIDE NOTE! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.

...AND NOW WE COMMIT HIS BODY TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE.



TWO DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL, AS THE LOCAL POLICE WERE INVESTIGATING THE MAYOR'S DEATH.



LET'S LOOK AT THIS! I FOUND IT UNDER THE BOOK-CASE! WHT. IT'S A SUICIDE NOTE! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THIS TABLE.

AT FIRST, THE TOWNSFOLK WERE SHOCKED AT THE NEWS THAT THE MAYOR'S DEATH WAS A SUICIDE.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY SHOULD WE DO SUCH A THING?

THE POLICE SAY THE NOTE CONFESSED STEALING

SOON, HOWEVER, CYRUS MARRATE HAD WORKED THE SHOCK INTO ANGER...

AND WE TRUSTED HIM ALL THESE YEARS! BELIEVED IN HIM! NEVER DOUBTED HIS HONESTY! AND NOW HE LIES THERE, AMONG DECENT PEOPLE, IN THE CHURCH BURYIN' GROUNDS! ARE YOU GOING TO STAND FOR THAT? ARE YOU?



HE SUICIDED! THAT'S A SIN! HE DON'T GET BELONG IN OUR CHURCH CEMETERY...

YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! SUICIDE'S A SIN. OUT.

ALL THESE YEARS, POSING AS AN UPSTANDING, GOD-FEARIN' MAN

AND ALL THE TIME STEALIN'.

THE ANGRY MOB WENT TO THE CEMETERY, SHOOTING AND KILLING THOSE MARRATE BELL TOGS. AIN'T NO ROOM IN THE 'OVER BURYIN' GROUNDS' FOR A SINNER...



ANXIOUS HANDS WHEELED SPADES AND SHOVELS DIGGING UP THE FRESH GRAVE

THERE! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN.

LET'S GET THE ROPES ON IT AND HAUL 'EM UP!

THE COFFIN WAS CARRIED TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE IT WAS WRAPPED IN CHAINS TO WEIGHT.

THERE! THAT DUGHY TO SINK FAST!

PUR IT ABOARD! WE'LL TAKE 'EM OUT AND DUMP 'EM!



THE WEIGHTED COFFIN CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF JED FULTON WAS TAKEN OUT TO SEA AND THROWN OVERBOARD.

ONE, TWO... THREE-E-E-E-E!

GOOD
RIDDAN!

AT ELECTION TIME, CYRUS MARGATE WAS UNOPPONENTEDLY
RE-ELECTED MAYOR.

HEY! HEY! NOW I HAVE EVERYTHING
I WANT! EVERYTHING I'VE WANTED
FOR TWENTY YEARS.

... AND RIGHTeous OLD JED
FULTON'S NAME HAS BEEN
ENGRAVED GOOD! NOW HE
LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
SEA NOT GOOD ENOUGH
TO BE BURIED IN THE CHURCH
CEMETERY.

AND SO, THE YEAR PASSED!
THE TOWN SOON FORGOT JED
FULTON! ONE WARM SUMMER DAY,

HOWDY, MATOR!

HOWDY, GLEM!
LIKE TO GO
ALONG? I'M
GONNA FISH!

SORRY, MATOR!
MARTHA'S WAITIN'
ON ME! I GUESS
YOU'LL WANT
A ROW-BOAT!

YEP! I AIM TO
CATCH ME A
MESS OF
FISHES!

WHEN MATOR CRY'S MARGATE HAD REACHED HIS
FAVORITE FISHING SPOT, HE TOSSED OVER THE
ANCHOR! AFTER AN HOUR... WITH NO BITES... HE
LOOKED AROUND.

HEMM! FISH AIN'T BITIN'! LOOKS
LIKE A STORM COMIN'! I'D
BETTER GET OUT FOR TODAY!

CYRUS BEGAN TO HAUL AT THE ANCHOR ROPE! THE
ANCHOR REFUSED TO COME UP! IT WAS STUCK.

THAT'S FUNNY! THAT THERE'S A
SANDY BOTTOM! AIN'T NO ROCKS
DOWN THERE! URRH!

AS CYRUS STRUGGLED WITH THE ANCHOR ROPE, HE
KICKED THE OARS OVERBOARD...

OH! I... I... BLAST IT!
THERE GO THE OARS!



THE WIND BEGAN TO BLOW AND THE SKY DARKENED!
CYRUS CURSED HIS CLAIMED AS AT HAVING LOST HIS
OARS...

IT'D BETTER NOT OUF MYSELF AHOYT!
I MIGHT BE BLOWN OUT TO SEA...



SOON THE FULL FURY OF THE STORM LASHED AT THE
TINY SOWBOAT! IT TOSSED AND BOWLS ABOUT! CYRUS
STARED AT THE ANCHOR ROPE...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S GRABING!
OH... BUT WHY? I HOPE IT HOLDS!
I... I... SWAY'S TRAFF!



CYRUS HAD GAINED SIGHT OF SOMETHING WHITE JUST
BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER NEAR THE ANCHOR
ROPE! HE STARED INTO THE DARKNESS! SUDDENLY HE
GASPED! A ROTTED HAND REACHED UP OVER THE SIDE OF
THE STORM-TOSSED SOWBOAT!

GOOD LORD! WHO
WHO ARE YOU?



SUDDENLY THE FOUL-SMELLING
STENCH OF WATER-SOFTENED FLESH
SEARED CYRUS'S NOSTRILS! A FISH-
FITTED FACE APPEARED... THEN A
ROTTED NECK... DELAYED SHOULDERS...

NO! NO! I
CAN'T BE...



A WHITENED HAND SHOT FORWARD,
GRASPING CYRUS BY THE LEG! THEN
THE THING BEGAN TO PULL! THE
THING WAS STRONG! CYRUS COULDN'T
HOLD ON! HE FELT HIMSELF SLID
THE OVERBOARD...

JED! LET ME GO! LET ME
GO!

EEEAAAAGH!



AND SO, WITH A SWOOSH AND A
GULP, MY STORY ENDS! POOR
CYRUS! HE DIDN'T END UP IN
THE NICE, NEAT LITTLE CEMETERY
BEHIND THE SMALL WHITE CHURCH,
EITHER! WELL... IT'S LIKE ONE OF
THE TOWNFOLK SAID! THERE
WASN'T ROOM THERE FOR SW-
IMERS! WHAT'S THAT? WHAT
ABOUT JED? HE HAS NO SW-
IMMER! OH, BUT HE WAS! THOSE
THINGS IN THE SUICIDE BOTS WERE
TRUP! O'NOW! SO
YOU EVER MEET AN
HONEST POLITI-
CIAN? HEE, HEE!



**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO
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